HACK/SLASH™

MERCY SPARX™

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DDP

A SLICE OF HELL

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

JOSH BLAYLOCK'S

MERCY SPARX

MEET MERCY SPARX – A DEVIL GIRL HIRED BY THE BIG SHOTS IN HEAVEN TO SECRETLY TAKE DOWN ROGUE ANGELS. FOLLOW OUR UNLIKELY HEROINE AS SHE BATTLES THE FORCES OF "GOOD" WHILE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHICH SIDE IS THE LESSER EVIL.

IT'S EITHER SUCCEED AND GET A FREE PASS THROUGH THE PEARLY GATES, OR FAIL AND RISK GOING SOMEWHERE VERY BAD INDEED...

A SLICE OF HELL

WRITTEN BY: JOSH BLAYLOCK
PENCILS BY: JOE SONG
COLORS BY: BEN ELLEBRACHT
LETTERS BY: CRANK!
EDITS BY: SAM WELLS
WITH TIM SEELEY
PRODUCTION BY: SAM WELLS
COVER A: TIM SEELEY & RACHELLE ROSENBERG
COVER B: MATT MERHOFF & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

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LADY OF BLISS PARISH.

WOW, YOU DON'T SEE THESE OLDSCHOOL CONFESSIONAL BOOTHS MUCH ANYMORE.

THAT'S TRUE. YOU MAY BEGIN YOUR CONFESSION, MISS.

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST.

RIGHT. UH, FORGIVE ME, FATHER, BECAUSE *BOY* HAVE I BEEN SINNIN'.

IT'S BEEN LIKE FOUR FUCKING *YEARS* SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION.

FORCED CONFESSION, I MIGHT ADD.

DAMN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

THAT'S OKAY, CHILD. THE LORD IS ALL FORGIVING.

I'M SURE THERE'S A LOT YOU NEED TO GET OFF YOUR CHEST.

IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START.

I MEAN, DO I GO WITH GREED FIRST?

VANITY?

LUST?

DO YOU HAVE LIKE A *WHEEL* OF THE SEVEN DEADLIES I COULD SPIN OR SOMETHING?

JUST START WITH WHATEVER IS THE *MOST* PRESSING IN YOUR MIND.

WHAT TROUBLES YOU *MOST?*

OH, WELL THAT'S EASY.

THAT WOULD BE *YOU*, FATHER ARZOLA.

EXCUSE ME?

I THINK YOU'D BEST *LEAVE* AND COME BACK WHEN YOU'RE MORE *SERIOUS* ABOUT THIS, MISS.

I THINK *YOU* SHOULD *LEAVE*, FATHER, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.

AND BELIEVE ME, I *AM* SERIOUS.

OH, AND *DUCK.*

WHAT?

WOOOSH

JESUS!

ARRZZOOLLAAA.

RECOGNIZE *HIM?*

GOD IN HEAVEN.

THAT'S JAMES KIRKLAND, THE HISTORIAN WHO GOT TOO CLOSE TO CHURCH SECRETS BEFORE YOU HAD HIM *KILLED.*

OR AT LEAST HE *USED* TO BE.

WHAM

AND I'M *CASSIE HACK*, HERE TO SAVE YOUR ASS.

CASSIE HACK
SLASHER PREY TURNED PREDATOR. DAUGHTER OF THE UNDEAD MENACE KNOWN AS THE LUNCH LADY. NOMADIC PROTECTOR, BUILDER OF EMOTIONAL WALLS, WEARER OF SHORT SKIRTS.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FATHER? DON'T BELIEVE IN RESURRECTION?

VLAD?

VLAD! LITTLE HELP?

HURRP SORRY, CASSIE.

I GOT CAUGHT UP IN DISGUISE. THE CANDLES SMELL GOOD.

VLAD
CASSIE'S FELLOW SLASHER HUNTER, CONNOISEUR OF LATE NIGHT DINING, ROAD TRIP BUDDY, WIELDER OF BADASS MACHETES.

GRRNNNNNN!

FOR A FAMOUS AUTHOR THIS GUY ISN'T VERY ARTICULATE.

GGRRAAAAAHHH!

THAT IS INTERESTING WEAPON.

WOOOSH

YEAH, BUT IT'S HARD FOR ME TO APPRECIATE WITH THE FUNK COMING FROM HIS DEAD BIRD ANGEL WINGS.

TNK

SHIT, THAT WAS CLOSE

ALRIGHT, FUCKER.

GRRAAAAHHH!!

ARRRRRRGG!!

SEE, I CAN GRUNT AND HIT THINGS TOO!

YES. ME TOO! HURR HURR HURR.

HERE, I COVER HIS EYES. MAYBE BIRDY MAN GO TO SLEEP.

SLEEP TIGHT, LITTLE ANGEL. HURR HURR HURR.

#SIGH#

AHHHHGGRR.

WHAM

HOOF! CASSIE!

GRRARGH!!

LOOKS LIKE HE'S NOT A FAN OF YOUR COMEDY EITHER.

AAGH!

WHAM

NNNNNNNGH.

ARZZOLLA... NOT YOUUU.

SORRY, GUY. TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T TELL THAT TO THE FIVE CLERGYMEN YOU KILLED WHILE LOOKING FOR HIM.

MOTHER FUCK!

WHAM

NNNN NNNGH. CASSIE.

VLAD, NNNGH. VLAD!

DON'T WORRY, HURR.

JESUS WILL SAVE US.

CRASH

VLAD...

YOU...

YOU BIG CHEESY NERD.

I HAD LOT OF TIME ON MY HANDS EARLIER TODAY, HURR.

LATER.

MMM, ALL THOSE BIRDIES. SMELLS LIKE CHICKEN.

YOU'VE SAVED ME FROM AN AVENGING ANGEL.

I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.

DO ME A FAVOR AND *DON'T*. BECAUSE OF YOU FIVE INNOCENT PEOPLE DIED, AND SADLY THAT MEANS WHOEVER *ELSE* IS GUILTY FOR THIS GUY'S DEATH WILL GO UNPUNISHED.

AND THAT WAS NO ANGEL. IT WAS A *SLASHER*. THE *UNDEAD!*

I AM FOREVER SORRY, AND CAN ONLY HOPE THAT THE LORD WILL SPARE US ALL.

I TRIED TO WARN JAMES TO STOP PRYING INTO CHURCH SECRETS.

THAT THIS WOULD HAPPEN.

I NEVER WANTED IT TO.

WELL, ENJOY HIDING OUT IN THIS SHITTY LITTLE CHURCH THE VATICAN SENT YOU TO DIE IN.

WAIT, BOTH OF YOU.

YOU... YOU MUST HAVE SO MUCH OF A BURDEN IN YOUR HEARTS.

ALL THIS VIOLENCE.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO CONFESS TO THE ALMIGHTY? FOR *REAL* THIS TIME?

WHY DON'T YOU FOCUS LESS ON *ME* BURNING SOMEDAY, AND MORE ON *HIM* BURNING *NOW.*

DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

I ONLY, ONLY WANTED TO PROTECT THE SANCTITY OF THE CHURCH.

KIRKLAND, YOU FOOL. WHY COULDN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

I'M GLAD FOR YOU, THOUGH, THAT YOU LEFT.

SHE LOVED YOU TOO MUCH.

=SIGH=

"I'M GLAD YOU WEREN'T AROUND TO SEE HER FATE."

WELL, AT LEAST THAT WAS MORE EXCITING THAN *NORMAL* CHURCH MASS.

AND THEY HAD A CREMATORY. MAKES LIFE EASIER.

THIS SWORD. I AM THINKING LOOKS VERY GOOD ON ME.

IS VERY COOL, BUT HOW TO MAKE FLAMES?

THUNDER!

WHATEVER.

THUNDER!

IT'S BEEN A BUSY MONTH AND WE'RE BROKE AS A JOKE.

THUNDER VLAD, HOO!

HUR HUR HURR.

I THINK IT'S TIME TO HIT UP A FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR-HOOD SLASHER SHIT COLLECTOR.

I KNOW A SHOP NEARBY.

OKAY... MONEY IS GOOD TOO.

SLASHER SHIT

ONE WEEK LATER.

SSSSSS

EASY... EASY...

THAT ONE'S A BEAUTY ALRIGHT.

HEY, WHAT THE HELL? IS THAT ACID OR SOMETHIN'?

YOU'RE GONNA MESS IT UP!

NO WORRIES, DUDE, I'LL TAKE IT! IT'S *GENUINE.*

BADASS.

WELL THEN, FEEL FREE TO DO WHATEVER THE HELL YOU WANT WITH IT.

VHS

DEATH CRAB

HANK
INVENTOR OF ANTI-ANGEL ARTILLERY. ROOMMATE OF MERCY SPARX. LOVER OF ALL THINGS METAL AND BEER.

SOLOMON CLOUD

HANK

HERE, THIS ONE'S ON THE BIG GUY.

WEIRD LOOKIN' CARD. YOU GOTTA PIN NUMBER?

WE DON'T TAKE CREDIT.

AW, W-T-F!

JUST HOLD ON A MINUTE. I GOTTA CALL SOMEONE.

WHACK

ring ring

ring ring

MURDERCASE

KILL FROM HAVEN

FOUR KILL.

SPEAK.

WERE YOU BEATING THE TARGET WITH YOUR PHONE AGAIN? IT'S MAKIN' CRACKLING NOISES.

MERCY SPARX

DEVIL GIRL FROM THE UNDERWORLD. DRAFTED BY HEAVEN TO HUNT ROGUE ANGELS. HOPING FOR A FIFTY CENT RAISE THIS MONTH.

NO! NOT THE TARGET.

JUST THE LACKEYS.

YOU GOTTA STOP DOING...

THANK LECTURE OVER. WHADDYA WANT?

WHAT'S OUR PIN NUMBER FOR THE NEW DEBIT CARD HEAVEN SENT?

'CAUSE IF YOU HAD WHAT I'M ABOUT TO BUY YOU'D BE DONE ALREADY.

I AM DONE. SHE'S OUT COLD. LITERALLY.

LEFT THE BITCH IN THE WALK-IN.

OR... MAYBE NOT...

DAMN IT!

SHIT, I KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS. GOOD LUCK, I'LL SEE IF I CAN REMEMBER--

LATER, HANK!

GRAAAHHH!

OOF!

GONNA SEND YOU BACK TO HEAVEN AFTER AN HOUR OF PERSONAL HELL

AS MEAT PIE!

YOU'RE GONNA PAY, SPARX!

THAT'S FUCKED UP, CHLOE. WAY TO INSPIRE THE GOOD IN PEOPLE.

ERK... NNG... REALLY NOW. THOSE THINGS LOOK FUCKING SHARP.

THE SHARPEST.

LET'S HOPE!

AAAGH!

EEEGHA!

THWUD

WHAT'S THE MATTER? I ALREADY BEAT YOUR ASS TOO MUCH TO FIGHT BACK?

GO ..GO AHEAD BUT KNOW THAT YOUR DAY WILL COME

DON'T I KNOW IT. NOW, THIS IS GONNA HURT YOU A LOT MORE THAN ME.

AWW, PINNED TO THE WALL, JUST LIKE A BUTTERFLY.

HALO REMOVAL ALWAYS STINGS.

EEAAAGHHHHH!

REALLY, HANK. DID YOU HAVE TO RENT A GAY LITTLE HYBRID?

SOON.

BACK ALLEY

GUESS YOU HATE SAVIN' ON GAS.

TRUNK'S OPEN. HURRY UP AND THROW 'ER IN SO I CAN GO BACK AND GET THAT SWORD.

SO THIS ANGEL REALLY WAS A BAKER?

YEAH, I RAN SOME HIPSTER BAKERY. HERE, WANT A CUPCAKE?

ENJOY YOUR FEAST, VLAD. IT'S THE LAST FOR A WHILE. WE NEED TO START STASHING CASH.

AT LEAST THE SLASHER ACTION'S BEEN SLOW SINCE WE TOOK DOWN "DAVINCI CODE."

MAYBE NOT. I GOT CALL FROM CHRIS TODAY.

F'REAL?

HE SAYS WE NEED TO GO TO EAST COAST. MORE INFO COMING.

THAT'S A LOT OF GAS. LOOKS LIKE I GOTTA PULL A DOUBLE ALL WEEKEND.

YOU KNOW IF YOU PUT ON A FRICKIN' *SMILE* MAYBE YOU'D GET A *TIP* EVERY NOW AND THEN.

YOU BEEN HERE TWO WEEKS, YOU KNOW THE DRILL.

GET BACK TO WORK.

SORRY, HITLER'S CALLING. GOTTA GO PUT ON MY *CHARM* AND SCORE SOME DOUGH.

IS OKAY. THIS WAFFLE IS THE ONLY COMPANY I NEED, HURR.

CAN I... UH...HELP YOU?

IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, SWEETY.

YEAH, I'M SORRY BUDDY. ALL YOU GOT HERE'S A BUNCHA CRAP.

I KNOW A GUY ON WESTERN AVE. DEALS COMICS, MAYBE HE CAN TAKE 'EM?

AH, JUST FORGET IT. AIN'T WORTH MY TIME.

TOLD MY KID TO GET THIS STUFF OUTTA THE HOUSE WHEN HE MOVED, BUT IT'S BEEN LONG ENOUGH.

SO LONG JIMMY'S BEDROOM, HELLO NEW THEATER ROOM!

NO WORRIES. I'LL, UH, THROW THIS STUFF OUT FOR YA.

SWELL COMICS

10¢

NO.1. AUGUST

PRESENTS

CHIPPY

SUCKER!

OH MARIO, YOU SNEAKY BASTARD. YOU JUST HIT THE JACKPOT.

YOU'RE CLOSIN' EARLY TONIGHT AND MAKIN' A LITTLE STOP AT "SPANKY'S" ON THE WAY HOME FOR A LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT.

COMICS

SORRY, WE'RE CLOSED UP FOR THE NIGHT.

COMICS

NNNNNNNGH.

I SAID WE'RE CLOSED, SO UNLESS YOU GOT...

WHAT THE HELL?

COMICS

SWORRRDD.

SWORD? I GOT A SHIT-TON O' SWORDS.

I ALSO GOT OL' *BRONSON* HERE, SO YOU WANNA TAKE A STEP BACK NOW?

SWORD!

WHAT THE *HELL* ARE YOU?!

STAY BACK! I'LL...

BOOM

RRAAGH!

JESUS CHRIST, YOU THINGS ARE *REAL!*

NNNNNGH.

ALL THIS TIME I JUST THOUGHT I WAS SELLIN' THAT FREAKY SHIT TO A BUNCH O' IDIOTS.

I...I THINK I KNOW WHAT SWORD YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT.

SIGHS KARDASHIANS, IF I EVER SEE YOU ON THE STREET I'M SLITTIN' YOUR *FUCKING* THROATS.

THAT *ALONE* SHOULD GET ME IN WITH HEAVEN.

DADDY'S HOME.

GOOD, I'M BORED OUTTA MY MIND. HOW WAS THE SO CALLED 'PAWN SHOP DE OCCULT'?

STAY-LOE

MERCY, WAIT'LL YOU SEE THIS BAD BOY.

I PRESENT TO YOU, THE SWORD OF SIR BADASS. IT BOILED DEMON *AND* ANGEL BLOOD WHEN TESTED. IT'S *EPICALLY* BRUTAL.

IT'S GOTTA BE GENUINE *SERAPHIM*. *AND* I GOT A RARE DOKKEN VINYL FOR TEN BUCKS.

NO WAY.

HA... HA HA!

LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

EVERYONE IN SHEOL* KNOWS THE STORY OF THAT SWORD! IT'S THE WEAPON OF THE ANGEL *HASMED*, FAMOUS FOR *MISPLACING* IT WHEN SPENDING A MILLENNIUM ON DUTY HERE.

IT'S ONE OF THE ONLY STORIES ON RECORD OF HEAVEN *FUCKING UP*.

IT'S WHY I GOT IT *TATTOOED*.

LOST FROM HEAVEN FOR CENTURIES, AND *YOU* JUST FOUND IT AT A *PAWN SHOP*.

YOU KNOW, IF YOU'D HAVE JUST LET ME SEE YOU NAKED, I'D ALREADY KNOW ABOUT THAT TATTOO.

*MERCY'S HOMELAND, IN BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL, A DIMENSION OR TWO AWAY FROM PURGATORY.

HA, IT DOESN'T STOP THERE.

"MAGNUS WAS ABLE TO HIDE HIS MISTAKE FOR A FEW HUNDRED YEARS, UNTIL HE WAS CALLED TO DUTY..."

"EVENTUALLY THE BIG GUY CALLED FOR SOME HOLY VENGEANCE OR SOME SHIT ON THIS VILLAGE OF, I DUNNO, VILE SINNERS."

"HE ENDED UP NOT EVEN GETTING IN TROUBLE. THEY JUST CALLED HIM BACK AND TRIED TO SWEEP IT UNDER THE RUG.

"BUT YEAH, ALL THOSE STORIES ABOUT ANGELS TAKING OUT GIANT ARMIES, WIELDING GOD'S VENGEANCE...

"THAT'S ONE OF THEIR FAVORITE TOOLS. SHIT IS HARDCORE."

LOOKS LIKE PAWN MAN MADE A BAD DEAL.

Dai... PAWNED!

GRUESOME ...URDER!

CASSIE, LOOK.

THAT'S OUR PAWN SHOP GUY, MARIO!

FUCKER MOTHER!

AND FINDING OUT FROM A NEWSPAPER?

INTERNET, YOU'VE FAILED ME.

Daily Time

PAWNED

GRUESOME

THE WORDS ARZOLA WERE WRITTEN ON THE WALL IN OL' MARIO'S BLOOD.

CELL PHONE.

YOU KNOW, JUST BECAUSE I SAY "FUCKER MOTHER" ON ACCIDENT ONE TIME, IT'S NOT FAIR YOU KEEP USING.

I KNOW, BUT TELL ME A BETTER THEORY.

BUT VLAD, IT ROLLS OFF THE TONGUE!

YO, KRANK!

WE'VE GOT SOME MAJOR SHIT GOING DOWN. BY THE KILL STYLE IT LOOKS LIKE A CERTAIN SLASHER WITH A SWORD THEME JUST CAME BACK LOOKING FOR HIS TOY.

WE DID BURN HIM.

HEH.

YOU CAN DO YOUR PODCAST LATER!

DO WHATEVER YOU CAN.

I DON'T KNOW, GET US SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE?

DO MAGIC COMPUTER STUFF?

SIGH

JUST CALL US BACK IF YOU FIND ANYTHING.

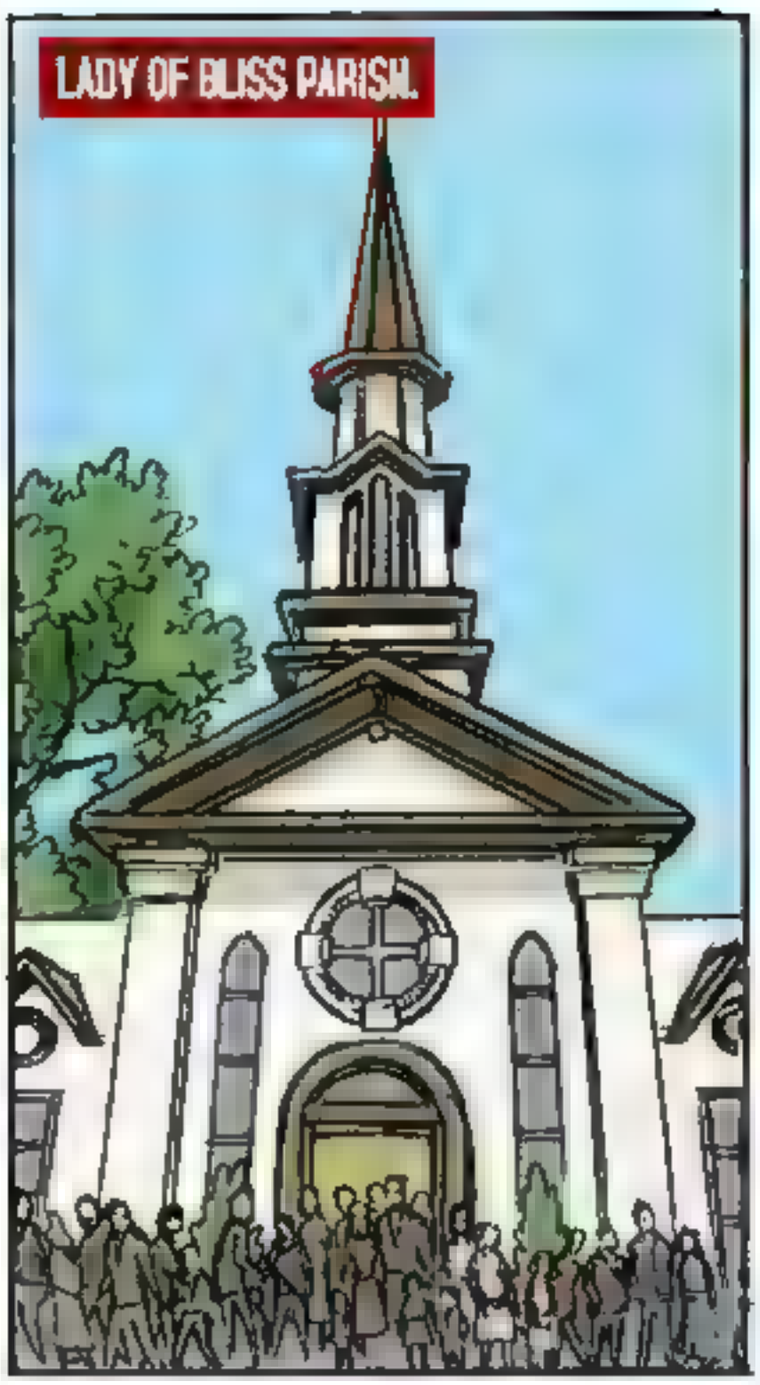
WELL THAT WAS--

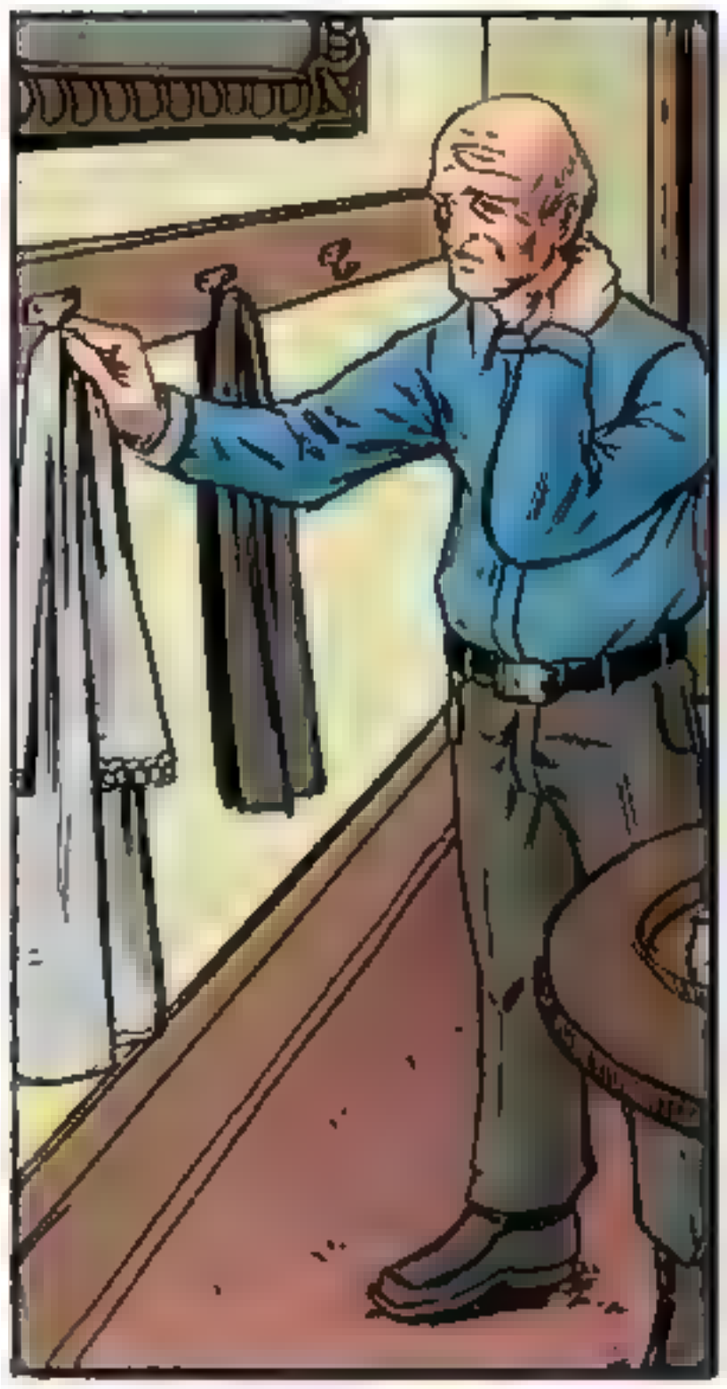
SERIOUSLY, VLAD?

BILLY OCEAN?

HURR HURR HURR.

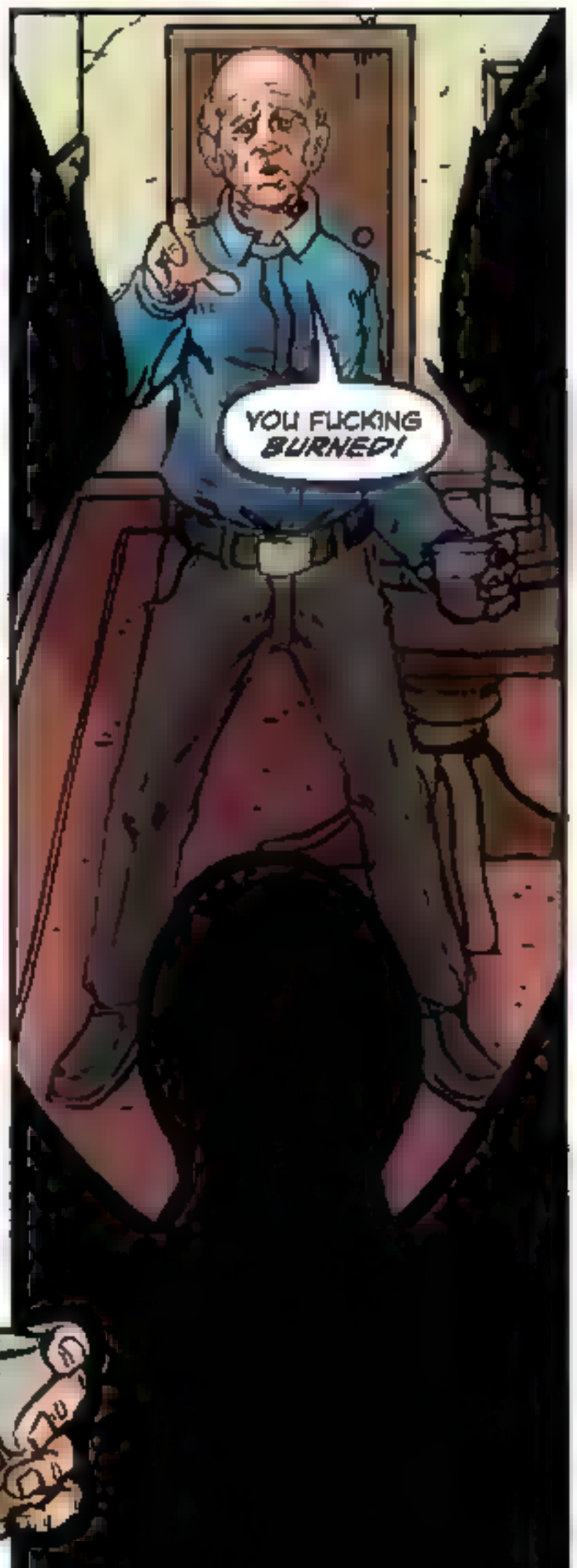
DEAL WITH IT, FUCKER MOTHER.


LADY OF BLISS PARISH



DRINKING AWAY THE GUILT, FATHER?
NO, IT CAN'T BE.
JUST BECAUSE THE SWORD'S WIELDER IS GONE, DOESN'T MEAN THE SWORD'S DONE

YOU'RE DEAD. WE... WE BURNED YOU!
WE BURNED YOU!


YOU FUCKING BURNED!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE MISTAKING ME FOR SOMEONE ELSE

MY NAME IS NAHMAT AND I'M GOING TO ASK YOU SOME IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

I'D ANSWER CAREFULLY IF I WERE YOU.

IT MAY DETERMINE HOW MANY MILLENIA YOU GET TO SPEND IN PURGATORY FOR YOUR TRANSGRESSIONS

IF YOU SHOULD BE SO UNLUCKY AS TO FIND YOURSELF IN PURGATORY.

WHERE, WHERE ARE WE? WHAT...WHAT IS THAT?!

THAT, FATHER IS MY *FRIEND*, AND AS TO WHERE WE ARE?

WE'RE IN A PLACE OF *TRUTH*.

HACK/SLASH™

MERCY SPARX™

#2

DDP

A SLICE OF HELL

MAN, WHAT A SAD SACK OF SHIT THIS IS.

UGH, CAN WE PLAY OUR IPOD INSTEAD?

MERCY, I PUT THAT SONG ON FOR MY NEW FRIEND HERE.

C'MON, YOU KNOW IT'S GOOD.

CHRIST

RESTROOMS

SELLOUT.

SO YEAH, WE'RE, UH, NOT "TOGETHER." I SWEAR.

FUNNY, YOU SOUND MARRIED.

FINE, BUT IF WE HAVE TO LISTEN TO POP COUNTRY WE'RE GONNA NEED SHOTS.

"THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN SLEEP IN THAT SHITHOLE HOTEL ANYWAY."

OH GOD...

SOB

DO...DO YOU WANT A ROOM?

LATER.

MAN, I'VE BEEN HOLDIN' THIS IN FOR AN HOUR TALKIN' TO THAT CHICK.

GOTTA GO GOTTA GO GOTTA GO.

DAMMIT, WHY IS IT THE CLOSER YOU GET THE WORSE IT GETS?!

FINALLY!

THIS ONE'S GONNA RU--

HUH?

I'D LIKE TO DO *SOMETHING* NEW WITH MY HAIR, IT'S JUST I DON'T WANT THAT LESBIAN LOOK.

I MEAN, IT LOOKS *FINE* ON YOU.

I'D JUST LOOK LIKE A LESBIAN.

MEN

WOMEN

SIGH

ARRZZZOLA!

WHAT THE-- *HANK!*

CRASH

ALRIGHT, IT'S GO TIME MOTHER-FUCKER.

NOT YOUU. &SWWORDD.

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT AND FURTHER-MORE...

WHAT KIND OF FRICKIN' ANGEL ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?

COME ON! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE.

WHAT? SHE JUST...SHE'S RED!

JUST COME ON!

I THINK THERE'S ANOTHER BATHROOM THIS WAY.

GRK... YOU'RE STRONG! I'LL GIVE YA THAT...

AND PHEW... STANKY!

LOOK OUT!

EXCUSE ME.

WOAH! HEY BUDDY, TRUST ME, YOU DO *NOT* WANNA GO IN THERE.

EEAGHH!!

WELL, YOU FEEL PAIN. THAT'S GOOD TO KNOW.

GUESS I SHOULDA ASKED SOME QUESTIONS FIRST.

WHACK

ANNNND KNOCKOUT.

AT LEAST BEFORE I CUT YOUR FACE ALL TO HELL.

DON'T MOVE!

MWAHAHAHA.

GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, BITCH.

SLOWLY.

HAHA... FFFWHAT... WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?

SO ASKS THE DEMON LADY?

YOU'RE NOT WHO WE WERE LOOKING FOR, BUT THE BODIES IN THE HOTEL LOBBY ARE YOUR *LAST* VICTIMS.

VLAD?

FWHUP

FWHUP

FWHUP

LOOK, MAYBE YOU WANNA SLOW YOUR ROLL...

SNATCH!

BEFORE YOU PISS ME OFF...

YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE ANYONE ON MY LIST.

THWUD

WERE THOSE POOR BASTARDS AT THE MOTEL ON YOUR LIST?

THAT WHOLE PLACE IS ON MY LIST, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT.

AND YOU KNOW, I'VE TAKEN OUT SO MANY PEOPLE I JUST CAN'T KEEP UP.

THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
HERE WE GO.
HOW MANY OF THOSE ROUNDS YOU GOT?
SEVENTEEN.
SHE IS RIGHT, CASSIE. WE MUST TAKE DOWN FACE TO FACE.
BLAM
BLAM
CLICK
CLICK
OKAY, THIS TIME I SHOULD ASK QUESTIONS AFTER I KICK ASS.
HOW 'BOUT YOU, YOU WANNA ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS?
OKAY, THEN.
SHIT. VLAD! WATCH OUT FOR HER TAIL!

DRAK

WHAT THE--?! SERIOUSLY?

SON OF A BITCH, YOU DO HAVE THE SWORD!

WHAP

OUCH!

MERCY, CATCH!

GOT IT, HANK!

SSSSSS

WHAT THE...?

FUCK ME! OHHH!

SHIT, SO STUPID. IT BOILS DEMON BLOOD. OF COURSE I CAN'T USE IT.

THANK, WHEN I'M DONE WITH THESE CUNTS, I'M KICKIN YOUR ASS NEXT.

NNNNNNGH.

AAAH!

FWOOM

WHAM

RRAAGGH!!

OH, SHIT.

SO YOU FUCKERS WANNA FOCUS ON THE REAL PROBLEM FOR A SECOND?

RESTROOMS

NNNNNGHHH.

FUCK, THAT'S NOT KIRKLAND! IT'S A WOMAN!

RAAGGHH!

A GNARLY DECOMPOSING WOMAN.

MERCY, I DON'T THINK THAT'S AN ANGEL OF *ANY* KIND.

NO SHIT.

SO OKAY, TRUCE. ANY IDEAS?

I DIDN'T MEAN TO.

I SWEAR I DIDN'T MEAN TO BRING HER ANY HARM.

KIRKLAND WANTED TO STEAL THE RELIC. HIDE IT.

HE'D LEARNED OF ITS POWER, AND THAT WE'D USED IT TO REMOVE CERTAIN ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH.

*WE SAW IT AS A SACRED GIFT FROM THE LORD.

*I WAS CHARGED WITH KEEPING CERTAIN SECRETS RELATED TO THIS.

*I...I LOVED SISTER LEWIS. BUT SHE LOVED JAMES. I NEVER ACTED ON MY FEELINGS, BUT SHE AND JAMES...THEY DID.

*I JUST WANTED JAMES GONE. I THREATENED HER. SAID I WOULD TELL THE BISHOP OF HER AFFAIR IF SHE DIDN'T GET HIM TO CALL OFF HIS EFFORTS.

*I NEVER EXPECTED HER TO GO TO THE BISHOP HERSELF. NOT ONLY DID THEY USE THE RELIC AGAINST HIM, BUT THEY EXCOMMUNICATED HER.

*WHEN HE WAS ASSASSINATED IT CRUSHED HER. WE NEVER SPOKE AGAIN.

*AND WE NEVER WILL.

*IN HER SUICIDE LETTER SISTER SAID THAT SHE FELT SHE DIDN'T DESERVE ENTRANCE INTO HEAVEN. SO SHE TOOK HER OWN LIFE, AND WOULD FOREVER DO PENANCE IN HELL.

BUT IT NOW LOOKS AS IF THE LORD HAS CHOSEN TO USE THE RELIC--THE SWORD--TO ENACT JUSTICE ON THE TRULY GUILTY, DOESN'T IT?

WHOOSH

BURN IN HELL!! HAH!

GOTTA LOVE THE HELLFIRE LIGHTER.

EERRAAGH!

LOOKS LIKE THAT DID SOMETHIN'.

WHACK

OOF!

GREARGH! ARZOLAAA!

TLANK

ALRIGHT, MOTHERFUCKER! ENOUGH!

IT'S HOLY WATER TIME!

GQUR GQUR

TRIED MY BEST, GUYS. LATER.

SHIT.

LOOK, JUST TELL ME WHICH SIDE YOU WORK FOR, BECAUSE THIS IS CONFUSING THE SHIT OUT OF ME.

SIDE?

I'M ON THE *SIDE* OF HORNY TEENS EVERYWHERE WHO DON'T DESERVE TO DIE FROM HOCKEY-MASK-WEARING FREAKS JUST FOR HAVING A *BONER* OR SHOWING THEIR TITS ON SPRING BREAK.

EVEN IF THEY'RE *IDIOTS*.

WAAHTT. I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU GUYS ON THAT RETARDED RADIO SHOW HANK LISTENS TO. THE "SLASHER SLASHERS."

I NEVER BELIEVED IT. JUST SOUNDED TOO "RIDICULOUS."

YOU *DO* SEE THE IRONY IN THAT, RIGHT? SO *YOU'RE* NOT UNDEAD?

HMM. GOOD QUESTION.

LITTLE... HELPP

VLAD!

NSSSSSSSSSS!

IS... VERY... HOT!

I USUALLY RIP THE HALOS OFF OF MY ENEMIES TO STOP 'EM BUT THIS CHICK DOESN'T HAVE ONE.

AND NONE OF OUR OTHER METHODS ARE WORKING.

WHAT DO YOU USUALLY DO TO STOP THESE THINGS?

THAT WORKS TOO.

HONESTLY? WE USUALLY JUST *BEAT THE SHIT* OUT OF THEM UNTIL THEY STOP MOVING.

KEE-RASH

AHAHAHAHAHAHA...

STAY THERE, LITTLE SLASHER... WE DON'T NEED YOU RUNNIN' OFF.

SORRY, MOTORCYCLE, BUT THIS HAS TO BE DONE.

WHAM

DAMN, GLAD WE DIDN'T GO HEAD TO HEAD.

BZZZZ

MY TURN.

BUZZZZZZZZZ

AARRRRRRRRRRGH!

OH GOD. GROSS.

BURP

GUYS? GUYS!

I THINK... I THINK YOU GOT HER.

YOU... CAN NEVER HURR, BE SURE.

NNNNNNNAAAAGGHHH.

BITCH IS STILL MOVIN'.

AW MAN, I'M GONNA PUKE.

:BLAAAGH:

I THINK THIS MIGHT WORK. THE SAME WEAPON THAT BROUGHT HER AND KIRKLAND BACK FROM THE DEAD.

AW MAN... TOO BRUTAL. TOO...

HRK!

THAT W... BE ENOUGH, CASSANDRA

WHO THE HELL?

REST, SISTER MARE. MAY'S BE WITH YOUR BELOVED.

NNNRRNNNNN...AE

NAHMAT! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE? HOW 'BOUT A WARNING NEXT TIME YOU HAVE A JOB LIKE THIS FOR ME?

YOU KNOW HER?

MERCY, THERE S HEAVEN AND THERE S AE... AND THEN THERE ARE MANY N BETWEENS

I'LL TAKE THE SWORD NOW.

NAHMAT! I KNOW WHAT THAT NAME MEANS.

HEY! WAIT, WHO IS THIS BITCH?

TRUST ME, JUST LET THIS ONE GO.

SNATCH!

ME AND VLAD USUALLY KEEP THE *LEFTOVERS*. MAKE SURE THINGS ARE PROPERLY DISPOSED OF.

DON'T FUCK AROUND. GIVE THE BROAD WHAT SHE WANTS...

IF YOU TRULY WANT THIS DISPOSED OF *PROPERLY*, CASSANDRA HACK, I'D BEST TAKE IT *HOME*.

OR I COULD ALWAYS SELL IT TO A *PAWN SHOP*.

BITCH ALWAYS HAS TO GET THOSE LITTLE JABS IN.

NAHMAT, WHY DON'T *YOU* DISPOSE OF IT, HEH.

THIS MAY ONLY BE TRUSTED IN THE HANDS OF AN ANGEL OF VENGEANCE.

ON EARTH IT WILL ONLY CONTINUE TO DISTORT THE SUPERNATURAL BALANCE.

I'M ASSUMING THE RENTAL CAR'S GOING ON HEAVEN'S CREDIT CARD?

WELL DONE, MERCY... ALL OF YOU. YOU'VE PASSED ANOTHER TEST.

TEST? THIS WASN'T A TEST! YOU GUYS HAD NO IDEA ABOUT THIS AND JUST SHOWED UP TO COVER YOUR ASS! I ONLY CAME HERE TO TAKE OUT THE CAKE BAKER!

HOW DO YOU KNOW, MERCY, THE SWORD WASN'T LEFT BEHIND FOR SOME GRANDER PURPOSE?

ONE THAT IS NOW COMPLETE?

HOW DO *WE* KNOW YOU'RE NOT ON SOME TOTAL *BULLSHIT* AND JUST TRYING TO KEEP HEAVEN FROM LOOKING STUPID?

YOU DON'T.

THANKS FOR AGREEING TO GIVE US A LIFT TO THE RENTAL CAR PLACE, DUDE.

THANK YOU FOR THE MIX CDS. YOU HAVE HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS ON THIS?

HEH, NOT QUITE, MAN, THIS SKELETAR FIGURE RULES.

IS YOURS TO KEEP.

SERIOUSLY? HELL YEAH!

FRANK'S

OPEN

HEY HOMOS, WE'RE READY TO ORDER!

NEED THE ENTIRE PARTY AT THE TABLE.

FACEBOOKING YOUR FRIENDS THERE?

HAHA. NO, ENTERING INFO INTO MY JOURNAL WHILE THE DETAILS ARE FRESH.

THIS THING'S SAVED MY LIFE MORE THAN ONCE.

SEE, I TOLD YOU WE NEED TO DO THAT.

HANK, *HEAVEN* DOES THAT FOR US. DON'T ASK ME WHERE THEY BUY MANILLA FOLDERS AND INK CARTRIDGES, BUT WE GET THE FILES FROM THEM READY TO GO.

LOOK, WHATEVER. WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT YOUR BAG OF TRICKS? I'M THIRSTY.

MY BAG? IT'S IN THEIR VAN. YOU DON'T THINK WE'RE GONNA BE ATTACKED, DO YOU?

NOT *THAT* BAG, IDIOT.

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' 'BOUT.

ANYONE ELSE WANT SOME IRISH IN THEIR COFFEE?

SHH

WHAT! I SWEAR, MOTHER-FUCKERS ALWAYS JUDGING.

IF THIS WAS A *MIMOSA* NO ONE WOULD BAT AN EYE.

HOW DO YOU GUYS EVEN KNOW I HAVE A *LIVER*, ANYWAY?

ANNND *SAVE.*

RIGHT, LIKE WHY YOU SMOKE SO MUCH. YOU HAVE *SPECIAL* LUNGS. NOT SURE I BUY IT.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO.

WHAT'S WRONG THERE, *CASEY?*

NOTHING *MARCY*. THIS SLASHER JUST GOT TO ME FOR SOME REASON.

I DO THIS SHIT ALL DAY LONG AND USUALLY I'M JUST *NUMB.*

I DUNNO, I THINK IT'S JUST SO FUCKING WEAK. KIRKLAND IS A TYPICAL CASE, BUT THEN HIS *LOVER* COMES BACK TOO, AND SHE *STILL* GOT THE SHORT END?

THE CREEPS RESPONSIBLE WILL GET AWAY WITH *MURDER*, AND SHE JUST GOES BACK IN THE GROUND...DUST...WHATEVER.

MAN, AT LEAST YOU GUYS FIGHT UGLY *MONSTERS* AND SHIT.

WE GOTTA BEAT UP HOT *ANGEL CHICKS* ALL THE TIME.

HURTS MY HEART.

I MEAN LIKE, *REALLY* HOT CHICKS.

WHAT'S THIS *WE* SHIT?

LOOK, CASS, I AM NOT SOMEONE TO TAKE ADVICE FROM, BUT TRUST ME...

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH SHIT TO KNOW THERE'S NO WORRY.

THE CREEPS *WILL* PAY.

JUST MIGHT NOT BE ON THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE.

UH OH. WHAT'S THAT MEAN FOR *US?*

HURR, HURR, HURR.

VLAD, SHUT IT. I'D RATHER NOT ASK THAT QUESTION.

LATER.

SURE THING. UH, OVER HERE.

ALRIGHT, WE'RE DOING A *FULL* WALKAROUND ON THIS RENTAL, AND I WANT FULL COVERAGE.

OURS ALWAYS SEEM PRONE TO GETTING *DINGS*.

MAN, WEIRD DAY. BUT THEY WERE PRETTY COOL. VLAD RULES, AND CASSIE'S SMOKIN.'

REALLY? SHE SEEMED LIKE A WANABE HARDASS TO ME. FUCKING WHINEY KID.

THEY SEEMED NICE. LIKE US, BUT DIFFERENT. I LIKE THE HANK.

YEAH, HE WAS COOL, BUT I DUNNO...

THAT MERCY'S KIND OF A *BITCH*.

...*DIED TODAY WITH UNCANNY TIMING.*

OFFICIALS CLOSE TO THE CHURCH SAY THE DEATHS WERE FROM NATURAL CAUSES.

*BUT AUTHORITIES ARE **PERPLEXED**. FOUR MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH, UP TO THOUSANDS OF MILES APART, **SIMULTANEOUSLY** DYING OF BRAIN ANEURISMS AS THEY GAVE MASS.*

*TWO HIGH RANKING MEMBERS OF THE VATICAN, ANOTHER IN NEW YORK, AND LOCAL **FATHER ARZOLA** OF **OUR LADY OF BLISS** PARISH.*

FUCKER MOTHER!

HURR. ODD, YES. YOU FEEL BETTER AT ALL?

WOW. ACTUALLY. I DO. MAYBE THERE *IS* SOMEBODY WATCHING US.

"SHIT! DOES THIS MEAN WE HAVE TO START GOING TO CHURCH?"

THE END.